

GROCER AND HIS CUSTOMERS.

Rev. Mr. Savidge Preaches Upon a Live Subject.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE EXPOSED.

Temptations to Which Some Dealers Fall—Exposing One Dishonest Firm—The Evils of Sunday Business Pursuits.

Talking to Grocers.

"The Grocer and his Customers," was the subject of Rev. Charles W. Savidge's discourse at the Second Street M. E. church last evening. There was a large audience present, among them being a number of representative grocers, together with their clerks. Mr. Savidge took his text from Proverbs 11:1, "A false balance is abomination to the Lord; but a just weight is his delight." And from Exodus 20:15, "Thou shalt not steal." Said the speaker: "For the past few years I have watched the business interests of this city. I have been pleased to see the small farm building give place to the immense brick or stone structure. Standing as I do, a little outside of the business whirl, I have been well able to see the marked progress in the different lines of trade. There is one class of business men of whom I have thought much—it is the grocers, and I will tell you why. I thought when I was a little boy that if I ever grew to be a man I would keep a grocery, so I could have all the license I wanted. Didn't I make a narrow escape? Then I have become acquainted with some of your temptations and troubles, and on this account I have thought of you. You enter a field in which there is the sharpest competition. Your patience is tried to its limit. Every day you must deal with a crowd of unrepentant if not dishonest people. As a grocer, you are taking orders and delivering goods when the Nebraska blizzard was at its height, or as I have seen you wading around at work in the Omaha mud, I have thought of you. You might have an old-time case of genuine religion—"You need it in your business." I believe you shall see before we get through with this sermon that every day who goes into a grocery needs religion and having it he ought to apply it. Religion is a worthless commodity unless it is applied. Religion looks well on dress parade but it is of more value actually put into practice. It is not the silk dress for the parlor—it is a plain calico for everyday wear. The religion of Jesus is the principle we so much need in trade to-day.

I speak first of the sins of the grocer. There are two classes of men in this line to-day in Omaha. The honest man—some of these have been here for twenty years. Go into their establishments. Forty men are doing up packages and delivering goods. It requires fourteen horses to draw the delivery wagons. You would trust the heads of many of these firms with the last dollar you had, for they are honest men. But there is another sort of men in the business—men who have to be watched. Some of them profess religion, but the profession of religion will never make an honest grocer. I am told that one of these men shouted down to his clerk the other day: "John, have you sanded the sugar?" A retired grocer who has been in the business for twenty years, he said: "Come up to prayers." While I go on in this sermon you can place yourself in the class to which you belong—the honest or the dishonest. That is the way we shall do at the judgment, and we might as well begin now. Some of you are dishonest. You have a way of fixing up your scales so that the machine works in your favor. The scale inspector said to one of your number lately: "If I find your scales again in the condition they are to-day I will make you trouble." You may call this sharp practice doctoring scales in that way, but I call it a dishonest act.

Again, take this fact to demonstrate the same truth. A wealthy man comes into your store. He trusts you. He says: "Send me up so many pounds of this and of this, and of this." You do so. He comes in every day during the month and gives you his order as to the amount, but does not ask you the price. A retired grocer who once kept a store here, said: "Brother Savidge, you can't make anything in groceries in this town, unless you make the price on them." Now, I know that many an honest merchant in this city will say that this is never done. Well, I reply that it has been done many times. Take another case of dishonesty. You advertise, for example, to sell thirteen pounds of sugar for a dollar and you tell your clerks to give twelve pounds in those dollar-packages. You not only tell a lie but you make your clerks act a lie all day long. There have been many cases of this kind in the city within the past few years.

To prove my first point, I will tell you an instance that came to me from an eye witness. A grocery firm in this city bought two carloads of cider from one of the apple growing states east of us. The first of these carloads came with the exception of five barrels. These they divided the contents of the five, putting the little cider into each empty barrel and then sealing the barrels with water. Then they wrote the firm of which they had purchased saying the cider was only a little better than water and to send their agent out to inspect it. The agent came and paid them back their purchase money.

Again, some of you are profane, and I can tell you why some of you swear. People promise to pay and when the first days of the month come, the money does not come. I know one man in this city who makes the air fairly blue with smoke because the people won't pay up, and the next month he trusts them over again and when the time comes he swears.

I should think you would see the uselessness of that bad habit as well as the sinfulness of it. Again, a good many of you keep open on the Sabbath. Some of you say "This is my best day." You not only work yourself, but you compel your clerks to work. Only think of it! The work is hard enough and the hours long enough at best. In summer, on Saturday for instance, the clerk goes to the store at 5:30 in the morning and works until 11 at night. What do you think of that greedy soul who asks him to come back on Sabbath?

A member of the Catholic church in the grocery trade, and by the way, one of your most prosperous men, said to me, that when he first began here, he kept open on Sabbath but six months of Sabbath breaking was enough for him. My advice is, set the sinners' point away on your doors; keep God's day. If you fail, fail an honest man and a sincere Christian.

In the second place, I speak of the "Sins of the customer." Many of the customers are not thoughtful and considerate of man and beast. Business in this line is done largely with pass books. Do you know that one firm whose accounts are written on fifty pass books, only has five books brought regularly to their store? Many of the customers are doing business with that one house. Take this point to prove my position. These grocers take orders and deliver goods. The other day he was asked to deliver a sewing machine. He sent two of his men to do the work. They broke the machine and the owner made the grocer pay for the privilege of doing him that favor. He told his men that they would go out of the "sewing machine business."

The clerks in one of our stores said to a certain woman: "Isn't she a perfect lady? She treats the clerks as well as she does the proprietors." Let us carry home the small parcels and by every means make it more easy for overworked men to live. If the Christian people

would, they could save the grocer well nigh one-half of his labor.

Again, the customer tells a lie to his grocer. Instead of paying up as he promised, large unpaid balances are against him. Some are "being carried" for \$200. The merchant says: "In the past ten years I have lost \$10,000 from these unpaid balances. They are the curse of the trade. The grocer has to pay cash for all his produce, and in thirty days he must meet most of his other bills. He pays interest but he does not get interest from you."

A good many of us have been asking in this revival season how we may have the Holy Ghost with us in power. He will dwell with us when we do right. Again some of you steal from the grocer. Did you ever know that the merchant must display a certain class of goods in order to sell them? Will you ever steal from a grocer? Then some of you steal in another way. You owe the merchant for your living for two months. Then you go to another store or move to another state. And this is the way the people who do this are very extravagant in their buying. The people who don't pay their bills are the cause of the trouble. A man who accommodates you and pay him every dollar.

In conclusion, I am told that professed Christians are no better than sinners in these things. But the real Christian is a reliable, square man every time. Let us have a revival of the ten commandments, and the revival of Holy Ghost religion will follow.

AN AFRICAN EXPLORER.

Herr Hunter Visits Omaha and Talks About the Zulus.

A Zulu warrior at a museum was in an ecstatic state of happiness yesterday and jabbered away in his native tongue with the garrulity of an old woman at a tea party. The cause of all this demonstration was the presence of a German named Jacob Hunter, who speaks the Zulu tongue, quite fluently. Herr Hunter is the first man who could talk this dialect at either of the Zulus have met since they came to this country eleven years ago. As the Zulu's partner, Charley, is living at Chicago, and Hunter would not accompany Oscar on his Omaha trip, the latter African seemed delighted to be able to give vent to his thoughts in his native gibberish. Herr Hunter went several years in Africa, understands a number of the different dialects and has a thorough knowledge of the natives and considerable of their country. He was with Stanley's party a short time. On being asked by the reporter if Oscar's color was not rather light for a native African, he replied that in color the Zulus were rather a brown than a black race. In size, however, Oscar was rather below the average, although he had the strong knobby frame and beautiful physical development of his tribe. Hunter speaks in the highest terms of the intelligence, bravery and manliness of the Zulus as compared with the other uncivilized tribes of Africa. He thought that the rare old Zulu warrior Umkaganya, who plays such a prominent part in one of Rider Haggard's stories, may have actually been a description of a living man rather than the fiction of a novelist's brain.

THE WEATHER MODERATING.

A Pleasant Sunday and a Revival in Railroad Traffic.

Omahans welcomed the pleasant sunshine of yesterday with gusto after so many days of zero weather. Gradually, as the day advanced, the mercury in the thermometer began to ascend, and by 10 a. m. it had passed the zero line on its upward march. The air became mellow, and the wind turned its blunt end into the faces of pedestrians, who, consequently, experienced none of the unpleasantness associated with this adjunct to the severity of the weather of the previous ten days. This moderation was hailed with expressions of satisfaction and delight by all outdoor sportsmen, and it was predicted that a week of such weather as was inaugurated yesterday would suffice to restore the demoralization brought about by the blizzard. In railroad circles there was a disposition to be joyful and thankful for old Boreas' reforming and activity was visible on all sides. Many freight trains that had been abandoned for reasons of safety, were dispatched and new vigor was infused among the men. Outlying towns that have experienced severe suffering from the chilly blasts through a scarcity of coal owing to the inability of the roads to reach them, will be fully supplied, there are hundreds of cars filled with the dusky diamonds now enroute for their respective destinations.

IT WASN'T DIRT.

Mike O'Brien Washes His Feet and Finds One Frozen.

Mike O'Brien, a drunken hulk, was found in a beastly state of intoxication by Officers Haze and Dempsey about 1 o'clock yesterday morning and was taken to the central station. During the day the air of his cell was poisoned with an intolerable stench arising from his foul extremities and his fellow prisoners complained so much about it that last night Jailer Sigwart gave him a bucket of water to wash his feet with, supposing the trouble was caused by uncleanness. On removing his right shoe it was discovered that his foot had been frozen and was mortified from the effects of it. The foot was in such an advanced state of decomposition—the toes look as though they were dropping off from the slightest touch—that it is thought his foot must have been frosted several days ago, and he has been in such an inebriate state that he did not know what was the matter with him. Dr. Ralph was called and this morning he will have to amputate the decaying member.

"STRANGE BOB."

San Francisco Call: Jim Maitland, a big, brawny, sunburnt boundary rider on the Doorbang station, lay resting and enjoying the shade of a clump of wattles and cedars growing on the banks of the Doorbang river. Both the horse and dog of the rider had taken to the water, glad of the opportunity to cool their limbs and the chance to be free of the flies. Like their master the two animals were known for hundreds of miles around. The horse, a once famous English racer, imported into the colonies, went by the name of Relief, while its dumb companion answered to that of Curse.

Jim Maitland was the youngest son of John Maitland, a peddler of coals in Edinburgh, Scotland. Like a great number of boys Jim was wild and full of mischief. Night after night would his nearly heart-broken mother pray for Jimmy's conversion, but his father's would as often undertake the reforming process with the aid of a broad leather strap burned at one end. The praying and strapping were of little avail, for Jimmy's mother disappeared, leaving him to his mother, giving his father's apprentice to a printer—and his parents unapprised of where he had gone.

It was not until three years after his disappearance that the old couple received information of their son's fate. When they read the letter, and finding nothing in it but the young man's experience on an Australian sheep station and a promise to refund the money lost them through Jim running away from his mother, they were very ready to make big promises when there's 17,000 miles of sea between us.

After months of anxious waiting the young boundary-rider received a letter from his mother, giving his father's cutting remark: "When Jim read the sentence the blood rushed to his face with anger, and he crumpled the letter in his clenched fist, saying haughtily: 'I am Maitland, sir, and by heaven I am Maitland, never, never, never!'"

Never will pen of mine touch paper for you until I repay you ten times over every farthing I have cost you. I was wild; I was foolish; but God knows I am honest!" and tears coursed down his

sun-burnt face, the first since he was a child.

Twice had Jim Maitland attempted the roll of "stranger," and each time had fortune's hand been against him—long, weary months of drought destroyed his flocks and herds. These failures did not dishearten him, for he again commenced at the foot of the ladder by assailing the stock-whip and hugging the pigskin of a boundary rider.

"Lord Harry! this is a scorcher," Maitland said, as he rolled over and peered through the bushes far out into the plain, where not the slightest vestige of grass was noticeable. The eighteen months of dry, warm weather had burned up every blade of green.

"God help the poor wretches on the plains," he continued, rising and shaking his head. "Come, Relief; get out of that. Curse, we had better be stepping out. Hullo! What's that? Looking out onto the plain, and as Curse sprang forward, barking furiously, "A dingoo! I'll have the brute." He leaped down the hill, which caused the tired brute to stop and look in his direction, the boundary-man moved forward.

"Here, pup, here. Come, good old boy," Jim called, holding out his hand enticingly.

The foot-sore, half-starved dog moved slowly and suspiciously, and as Maitland patted the animal it whined and wagged its tail and pawed at the hand stretched at his feet. "Come, drink off, the boundary rider, carefully unrolled it, taking from its fold a piece of cloth, on which was written with charcoal:

Bob's Station—Send me help. Am dying.

"Well done; plucky dog," said Jim, stroking the poor, tired-out hound as it lay stretched at his feet. "Come, drink off!" motioning toward the river. At the word "drink" it quickly rose to its feet and limped into the river, where it lay lapping the water.

Bob's Station, from which the dog had just traveled, was over eighty miles from Doorbang, which happened to be the nearest point of civilization. "Strange Bob," the owner of the station, had been nicknamed so by the "strangers" who came to him. His history was shrouded in darkness, and he was a very reserved man, neither inviting nor accepting company, all was guesswork on the part of gossipers. He was understood to be very rich, but now wealthy men place such a premium on their privacy that they are not inclined to satisfy curiosity-mongers. Being thus distant to his neighbors and out of the world, nobody troubled about him, satisfied to let the "old buffer" get along alone.

"Poor, miserable fellow! Alone and ill. I wouldn't be in that fix at this season for the bank of England. Get up, Relief; there's hard work ahead of us," and he touched the old horse with his heels as he turned it for the "home station," followed by the dogs.

An hour's easy canter under the sweltering sun landed him at the manager's door.

"Well, Jim, what's the matter? Where did you raise the dog?" Mr. Close, the manager of Doorbang "run," asked as Maitland, holding the chip in his hand, and the hounds entered the dirty little office.

"Picked him up on the plain. Here," handing him the chip.

"You had better 'hook it' at once, then," was the manager's answer after reading the dying appeal of "Strange Bob."

"If you don't think old Relief will carry you through, you can take my horse. We must help the old man."

"I'll take both horses, but I'm afraid I won't be able to reach him in time," Maitland replied.

"Well, try it. But the old fool, he's no business to be on that country. This is the third time. Trouble him and his old sheep! Well, it don't matter, poor fellow; we are all confounded fools at the best," Close sympathetically remarked, after giving "Strange Bob's" precarious situation a thought.

"Give me the medicine-case and the drug-book and I'll slide at once. I'll catch old Comte and then will be ready in a jiffy," Jim said, leaving the manager to prepare the medicines.

From his pocket Maitland drew out Comte, and given his own horse a thorough rubbing down, Jim brought from the kitchen a brace of heavy navy revolvers and placed them in the holster of his saddle.

"Well, Jim, sling these over your shoulders," said the manager, handing to him the medicine case, to which was strapped a large tin flask of brandy. "I will send Ned after you as soon as he comes down. Look after the old man, and give the poor devil all you can. Send word by the dog if you want anything else."

It was late in the afternoon of the next day that the rescuer arrived at the dying man's station. When he entered the half open door. On a pile of sheepskins in one corner of the room lay the miserable and emaciated form of "Strange Bob," covered by a dirty and torn red blanket. Not a sign or movement of the body showed that the entrance of the stockdriver had been recognized. The dying man's long and matted white hair and beard had not been dressed for months; his big, rough right hand hung over the side of the rude couch, touching the filthy floor. A few feet away was lying a dirty, greasy "billy," the slight rust on its inside showing it had not contained water for several days. The dying man, in an attempt to quench his burning thirst had managed to upset the can.

Maitland shuddered as he stooped over the insensible man's couch, and thought of the poor fellow's loneliness and miserable surroundings. Gently raising the sufferer, he succeeded in pouring a few drops of brandy down his throat. This partly revived the unconscious "stranger," and encouraged Jim, with his about-doctoring and watching his patient with all the skill and tenderness of a rough "bush-doctor."

Early next morning, while "cat-napping," Maitland thought he heard his name mentioned. Going to old Bob's couch, he found him awake and conscious.

"Maitland, God bless you! God bless you!" the poor suffering outcast whispered as he feebly grasped the young man's hand. "I am dying, my boy. When I want to speak to you, I am dying, my boy; in a few hours Strange Bob will be before his master."

"Come, now, don't be taking it so hard as that. This spell will soon pass, and then you'll be right as a two year steer," Jim said encouragingly.

"Listen! Do you hear the pups—they howl—that is my death-knell, Jim Maitland, my death-knell. I'm old, and I don't need them tell me my time—glass is run down," he said, slightly moving his head and closing his eyes.

For a few minutes he lay greatly exhausted, but still clinging affectionately to the boundary-rider's hand. Then he started his rough nurse by saying: "Jim Maitland, never, never, never!" "Yes," replied Maitland, satisfied to humor his patient.

"Jim Maitland, you are my heir, my son. You will marry my daughter, you saved little Nell's life. Nellie Gwynne's

—life in Melbourne. The papers in that box will tell you all. Give me water, my son. Hear the pups? Be good to Nellie! God bless you both! And a few long gasps and "Strange Bob" was no more.

For several minutes the stock-driver could hardly realize he was alone with the dead father of Nellie Gwynne and that "Strange Bob" was the father of his betrothed. The howling of the dogs, however, awoke him to its stern reality, and writing a note telling of the death, he dispatched it by Curse to Doorbang. The work of digging a grave under the shade of a large wattle-tree, and the making of a coffin out of several boards torn from the walls of the shanty occupied him the remainder of the day.

Before sunrise next morning the body had been buried on the place where "Strange Bob" had spent the last years of his life. Placing a wooden cross to mark the grave, Maitland mounted his horse and returned to Doorbang.

The papers found in the tin box disclosed "Strange Bob's" eventful history. His name was Fitzherbert Glyne, who had been transported from the mother country for murder, for which he had been convicted on circumstantial evidence. After his arrival in Australia, in the penal colony of Sidney the British authorities discovered the true murderer. A "pardon" and a large sum of money was granted the injured man. Being free and untainted in the eyes of the law, but unfortunately not in those of gossip—as well as prosperous, Glyne removed to Melbourne where he married a wealthy merchant's daughter.

His prosperity and happiness did not continue, for it soon became noised abroad that he was a pardoned "murderer." "Society" was greatly exercised at what it called his "duplicitous and brazen-facedness," so to make amends immediately, "dropped" Fitzherbert Glyne and his wife's family from its "set." Glyne, unable to stand the persecution, returned to New South Wales, where he lived an outcast under the name of "Strange Bob" until his death.

His wife died several months after the departure of her husband from Melbourne, leaving her baby daughter, Nellie Glyne.

Shortly after his arrival in Melbourne from Scotland, Jim Maitland succeeded in saving the life of "Strange Bob's" daughter by rescuing her from a burning building. From that time Maitland and Nellie Glyne had continued to correspond, until it had ended—as usual in such cases—in their becoming engaged. "Strange Bob" had, through his lawyers, become aware of the great debt he owed the young boundary-rider and now managed to pay it by bequeathing him one-half of his immense fortune—some £200,000.

Eight months after "Strange Bob's" death there appeared in the Melbourne papers, the following notice: MAITLAND GLYNE—On the 9th inst., by the Rev. J. Lorrie, James Maitland to Nellie Glyne.

Mr. Maitland, with his happy little bride, paid the mother country a visit. For several weeks his agent in Scotland caused considerable activity among painters, carpenters and furniture-dealers in repairing and furnishing a pretty "wee cottage" just outside o' Edinburgh.

On New Year's eve of 1876, and as the Maitland family were gathered in the little stone-floored kitchen, a lady and gentleman entered unannounced.

"Is this Mr. Mait—"

"Jimmy, Jimmy!" the old mother cried, running forward and throwing herself on the prodigal's neck. "My son! like you, ye are well! Aye, but it's like you, always playin' your mad-like trick, and the old lady gave the wanderer another sounding kiss and a loving hug."

His old father forgot about the apprentice money and hopped about in great style, and extended a thorough Scotch Hogmanay greeting to his son and his young bride.

"Father," said Jim Maitland, after they had got through exchanging greetings, he turned to the lady and said, "all the way from Australia to pay that—"

"Never mind to-night, Jimmy, we'll talk over that to-morrow," the old gentleman replied, a little annoyed at the subject being broached so abruptly.

"But the cake, my man; and mother, let's have something with it," Mr. Maitland said, glad to change the conversation.

On passing the cake to his father, Jimmy placed on the top of it a package of papers addressed to Mr. John Maitland, with the remark: "Father, there's a New Year gift from Nellie and one to mother from me."

On opening the envelope the old couple discovered a deed to "the cottage just outside o' Edinburgh," and a check for £20,000. The two old folks stood in astonishment, looking first at the gifts, then at their children, and then at each other, as if hardly able to believe what they read. The first to break the silence was the old mother who, with tears streaming from her loving old eyes, said: "We awfu'—and unable to find words to express her love, fell weeping on her son's neck, and he, too, his head bowed up in the face of her "happy boy" and exclaimed: "Aye, but it's like ye Jimmy, always playin' your mad-like tricks."

Thus did Jim Maitland keep his promise.

Two hundred thousand infants under two years old are believed to be farmed out in France.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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Two thousand pair Boys' Knee Pants, made of good heavy Cassimere, sizes from 4 to 12 years, at the nominal price of 15c a pair.

The usual retail price for the pants is 50c a pair, and some dealers charge even more for them. Our prices will only hold good so long as this lot lasts, and in order to guard ourselves as much as possible that these pants should not be bought up by dealers, we will only sell two pair to one customer.

The remainder of our winter stock of Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats, have been marked without regard to cost or value, as we must dispose of them to make room for spring goods.

In Mens' Furnishings, our Special Offering for this week will be:

300 dozen Mens' fine all wool, seamless Half Hose, in elegant colors, at the exceptionally low price of 15c a pair. The same goods as sold elsewhere for 35c a pair.

We are determined to close out our entire winter stock, and never before has such an opportunity been offered to economical buyers to purchase the best qualities for so little money.

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- 6th. Every pair warranted, and so stamped.
- 7th. It is as easy as a hand-sewed shoe.
- 8th. Warranted to give the best satisfaction.

The W. L. DOUGLAS \$4 SHOE

Is the only hand-sewed well shoe sold for \$4. It is made seamless, of the best material, and very stylish. Made in Congress, Button and Lace.

For sale by Kelley, Stitzer & Co., cor. Dodge and 15th Sts.; H. Sargent, cor. Seward and Sargent Sts.; Geo. S. Miller, 612 North 16th St.

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For Boys is very stylish and neat; it will wear better than a high priced shoe; never loses its shape, and it is adapted for either dress or school wear. Made in Congress, Button and Lace.

Display at their warerooms, 1305 and 1307 Farnam Street, the largest assortment of Pianos and Organs to be found at any establishment west of Chicago. The stock embraces the highest class and medium grades, including

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